

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

In the Sweet By-and-By.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.